



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

I.



REAT masters, like Raphael and Rubens, have not thought decorative art unworthy of their best efforts and profoundest study, but nowadays, even in France, the artist is still not easily met with who thoroughly understands this branch of his profession. The revival of decoration has not yet led any great

number of painters anywhere to make the studies which are necessary to enable them to carry out a comprehensive scheme in collaboration with architects and sculptors. Those who accept orders for decorative work treat it as they do their ordinary easel pictures, except that they give less care to it. They are invariably influenced by the vulgar error that decoration is purely a matter of stencilling and patterning—house-painters' work, in short—and too low for an artist to stoop to. Accordingly, if asked for a decorative painting, they furnish an easel picture and let the unfortunate architect or owner get on with it as they may. Nor is it altogether prejudice and conceit that lead them to this; the lack of knowledge of and of aptitude for decorative work has had at least as much to do with it. Painters of specialties—portraitists, landscapists, genre painters—have hardly any idea of the varied and precise knowledge which must be acquired before one is fit to undertake the direction of a great work of decoration. One must, of course, be a figure painter to begin with, but one must also have had an architectural training; must be a good painter of still-life, flowers and landscape; must be well up in perspective; thoroughly understand the harmonies of color; must know how to accommodate his designs to shapes and surfaces the most diverse; and must be ready always to give due consideration to the requirements of his collaborators and assistants; must know how to direct the latter, and, on occasion, must submit to be, himself, directed by the former. It is, perhaps, hardly to be wondered at that so many requirements are seldom fulfilled in one and the same person; but when they are, the artist should have his full meed of praise, and should no more be confounded with those who paint their accustomed subject in their accustomed manner when given an order for a special piece of decorative work, than with house-painters and upholsterers.

The subject of this article is one of the few men

of to-day who has an innate love for decorative painting, and who has had and has availed himself of opportunities to make the many special studies without which no one can reach eminence in that art. He was born about 1820, at Geneva, of French parents. His father, who was a watchmaker, was residing there temporarily with his wife, some business matters keeping him for a time in the city of watchmakers. Young Galland learned the trade and something of art from him, for he appears to have been an artist in his way. More than that, when the youth's inclinations pushed him toward a broader career, unlike most men in his circumstances, Galland père, although now retired from business himself, did not object to his son's abandoning it for the sake of study, but, on the contrary, helped him out of his small savings.

At sixteen Galland entered as pupil the atelier of Henri Labrouste, since become eminent as an architect, but at that time comparatively unknown. He never intended to become himself an architect, but he felt a strong desire to paint for large spaces. Labrouste, then considered an innovator, knew much as to the use of decoration which was not understood by architects generally. He is now, with Duc, Duban and Vandoyer, one of the leaders of taste in matters architectural in France. Young Galland, therefore, could hardly have made a better choice. Nevertheless, in about two years he felt that he could spare some time from the study of architecture, and while continuing to work with Labrouste, he

of what he used to call "la grande machine"—that is to say, the force of assistants a decorative artist must know how to manage and control—hired himself out as a painter of figures to the decorators then most in vogue, several of whom were themselves artists of reputation. With Cicéri he decorated the ceiling of the Theatre of Saint Cloud; with Cambon, executed several important works at Nantes; and he also had commissions from Désplechin, Sechan, Rubé and Dieterle.



PART OF A FRIEZE BY GALLAND.

The first considerable work which he was called to undertake on his own account took him for eighteen months to the banks of the Bosphorus. A rich Armenian, a favorite of those in authority, was building a magnificent palace in European style, and sent to Paris for an artist capable of decorating the interior in the most magnificent manner. Galland was recommended for the work, and, having no engagements which bound him, undertook it. He left France in 1851, going directly to Constantinople, and, hardly arrived, without taking time to look at the wonders of Eastern life, he set at

once to work. The palace of his employer had been built under the direction of another pupil of his old master, Labrouste. With this architect, M. Mellick, Galland went over the work in detail, counseling and consulting. In a short time he submitted sketches of his proposed designs to architect and proprietor. They were at once approved. For the "Salon d'honneur" he composed a magnificent ceiling, in which all the great men of history, from Alexander to Napoleon, were grouped. This ceiling, with the complete decorations of ten other rooms and a great quantity of sketches and cartoons, was destroyed while Galland, after his year and a half of incessant work was taking a short vacation in Italy. The Armenian, involved in some political intrigue, was disgraced and banished, and his palace was given up to plunder and afterward torn down. Galland did not go to Constantinople to look after his interests, which he knew would be useless; he returned to Paris, where he found plenty of work awaiting him.



CEILING DECORATION, BY GALLAND, IN THE HOUSE OF M. SÉDILLE.

also became a pupil of Drolling. The professor had many other pupils, among whom may be mentioned Baudry and Jules Breton. Drolling, it is said, was a little surprised to find that his new pupil spent half his time at architectural work. Labrouste, on the contrary, understood his ambition and encouraged it.

After leaving Drolling and painting some portraits, one of which was exhibited in the Salon of 1842, Galland, wishing to become acquainted with the workings

During his short stay in Italy, Galland had studied attentively the works of the great masters of the Renaissance; the "loggie" and the chambers of the Vatican, the vault of the Sistine Chapel, the grand gallery of the Farnese Palace, the ducal palace at Venice, the paintings of Carpaccio, Bellini and Veronese—all had something to teach him. He returned then with still higher ambitions and a clearer sense of the beautiful in decoration than he had when he left.

It would be impossible to give even a list of all the works of importance which Galland has executed or designed. His work has been dispersed to the four quarters of the globe. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London and New York have examples of it as well as Paris. Much of it is in private houses and has never been exhibited. It is impossible, then, for any one to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the products of Galland's genius. But we may mention among his principal works five ceilings and other decorations done for M. Caille, and decorations for MM. Parent, Édouard André, Gueifulken, Sédille, Goldsmith and Mme. de Cassin—an account of whose notable gallery of paintings appeared in *The Art Amateur*, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Child, not long ago. Galland's work is also to be seen in the Rothschild mansion, in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park, in London; the houses of MM. Lasalla, Calderone and the Marquis of Guadalcazar, at Madrid. His decorations for the hotel of Prince Naritschkin, at St. Petersburg, were shown in the salons of the "Union Centrale," in 1876. Four decorative figure panels, representing the Seasons, painted by Galland, for the Fifth Avenue residence of the late Mr. Edward Matthews, were recently shown at the exhibition of the Architectural League, in New York, and subsequently sold at auction, at Ortgies' rooms, with other effects of the Matthews' estate.



FROM A CEILING DECORATION BY GALLAND.

makes one feel younger." While the art of this vigorous painter is scarcely held in the same esteem in the United States that it was a few years ago, he himself is affectionately remembered by many an American artist who then enjoyed the privilege of the master's instruction and advice.

MILLET's famous picture known as "L'Homme à la Houe," of which we give on page 110 a fac-simile of the artist's charcoal sketch, has just been sold in Brussels for 84,000 francs to Herr Van den Eynde. It was at the Salon in 1863, and sold for 1500 francs to M. Blanc; later it formed part of the Collection Defoer, with which it was sold not long since for 56,000 francs. The subject is a characteristically simple one. A peasant, bent with labor, is resting for a moment on the handle of his hoe in a field covered with weeds

and thistles. He is bareheaded, in shirt-sleeves and blue overalls. His blouse and cap are laid aside on the earth to his right. In the distance a woman is burning weeds, and a little farther on is a



FROM A CEILING DECORATION BY GALLAND.

One of the most charming of these decorations is that of the salon of M. Sédille, who is an architect himself as well as a man of taste. We give an illustration of the ceiling. The centre is an oval medallion in which, on a gold ground, is a figure of Victory in white, writing an inscription on a shield. At the sides, the four liberal arts, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Music, are personified by children with attributes drawn from nature. Thus Painting has a peacock's feather and a butterfly as symbols of color; Sculpture, a lily, as emblem of form; Architecture, some sea-shells, showing the building processes of nature; and Music is listening to a nightingale. We give engravings of these pretty figures, which will be recognized as having long served for tail-pieces in the pages of our French contemporary, *L'Art*, from which much valuable material for this article has been drawn. These figures are painted in their natural colors on a blue ground. Each is enclosed by a segment of a circle, with vines, also in their natural colors. At the corners, against a dark ground, are placed four vases painted to represent rose-colored marble, and from each of these springs a stem with conventional foliage broken near the oval central medallion by cartouches bearing initials and date.

ROBERT JARVIS.

(To be concluded.)

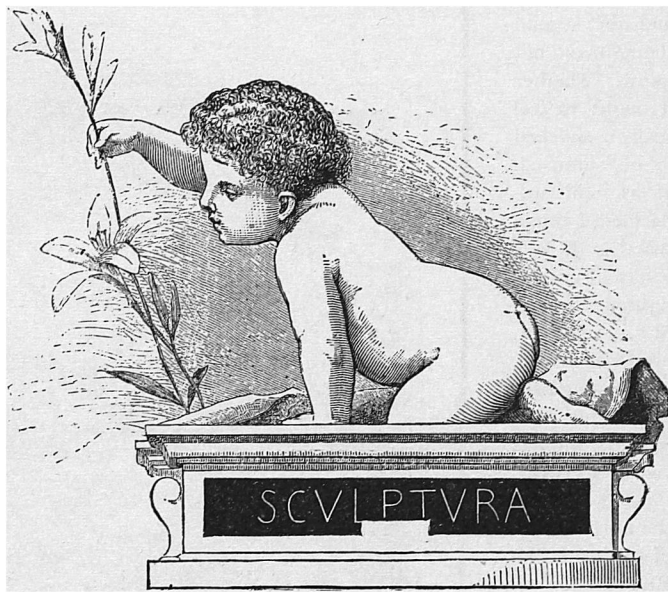
OUR Paris correspondent informs us that the painter Bonnat has once more consented to preside over an atelier of pupils. The new studio is on the Boulevard

ploughman with two white horses attached to his plough. These figures are hardly to be recognized in Millet's sketch. The painting itself has been etched by Bracquemond. Besides the exhibitions and sales above

mentioned, it was in the Millet exhibition of 1887 and the exhibition of One Hundred Chefs-d'œuvre in 1883. It has also belonged to the Crabbe collection of Brussels.

THE Louvre Museum has been enriched with a new room devoted to portraits of celebrated artists of all epochs, painted, as far as possible, by themselves. The idea is taken from the celebrated gallery in the Uffizi at Florence, with this difference, that the French contains not only portraits of painters, but also busts and medallions of sculptors. The formation of this gallery was decided by a ministerial decree of December 24th, 1887, and it was opened to the public on February 14th, 1888, with one hundred and four portraits, two thirds of which are not auto-portraits. But what does that matter, provided the portraits are fine? There are portraits by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, Mignard, Hyacinthe Rigaud, Drouars, Le Brun, Coypel, Largillière, Philippe de Champaigne, Maratta, Rembrandt, Raphael, Louis David, Eugène Delacroix, Ricard, Courbet, etc.—in short, a score of fine things and a majority of less fine. Now that

this gallery has been established, the grave question arises, When will a painter or a sculptor have a right to paint his own portrait or sculpt his own bust for the Louvre?



FROM A CEILING DECORATION BY GALLAND.

Another question: Why should painters and sculptors alone enjoy this privilege? Why should engravers be denied the joy of handing down their own features to posterity, and architects likewise? Would it not be better and more interesting to form a really national portrait gallery of all who have grown famous in art, science or letters—painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, writers, thinkers, musicians, dramatic authors, comedians, singers, orators? Why reserve the representation of national glory to painters and sculptors who are all celebrated or believe themselves to be celebrated?

REFERRING to the recent dispersion of the pictures of Mr. Albert Spencer, *The New York Times* says: "There is scarcely any investment safer and more disposable than objects of the fine arts, if the buyer proceeds with half as much discretion as he would in ordinary purchases; that is to say, if he takes advice and does not trust either to his unaided faculties or to sudden fancies which may not stand the strain of time. It is common for dealers to leave paintings and porcelains with generous buyers of their wares for a week at a time, so that the customer can form the acquaintance of the several objects as if these had animate or intelligent existence. Nothing enrages a great collector more than to hear

that his favorite art dealer has shown a new painting or porcelain to some other buyer; he wants to see it first, and if possible watch its first unpacking; he is jealous of other collectors, and must be handled with the



FROM A CEILING DECORATION BY GALLAND.

greatest care, or he flings out of the shop in a huff and writes a stinging rebuke to the luckless salesman. The enormous importations of French and other European paintings cater to these buyers in their several grades, and they have educated a host of judges of foreign art who have had that training which comes when a man ventures thousands of dollars in an investment. The successful ones like Mr. Spencer have bought hundreds of bad pictures and disposed of them quietly, but the process of weeding a gallery of weak canvases is just the requisite for learning what is best in paintings." This is true not only of picture but of all collecting. It is safe to say that there never was a genuine collector who did not have to pay for his experience.

ART IN BOSTON.

THE SARGENT PORTRAIT EXHIBITION—PICTURES AT THE PAINT AND CLAY CLUB—A PRESENT TO THE ART MUSEUM—THE LATE THOMAS ROBINSON.

BOSTON propriety has not yet got over the start Mr. John D. Sargent's exhibition of portraits at the St. Botolph Club gave it; it fairly jumped at the first sight, and on second thoughts did not know whether it ought to feel really shocked or only amused. It is still undecided, I think, whether it was insulted or delighted. Young Mr. Sargent, everyone knows, is a distinguished painter, even in Paris, and has two or three times produced the most talked-of picture in the Paris Salon. But it does not follow that Boston, which prides itself on an art-culture of very different inspiration from that of the contemporary Salon, dating indeed from Athens and Flaxman's Outlines, will think the more of him for that. Again, he is a member of one

of the most distinguished of old Boston families; but he has had the temerity to absent himself totally from his native country from the day he was born up to within two months of this exhibition. The first impression of many a well-bred Boston lady was that she had fallen into the brilliant but doubtful society one becomes familiar with in Paris or Rome, and I should not be surprised if some of our matrons were still inwardly blushing. Not, of course, that there were any nudities or such improprieties in the collection, but the spirit and style of the painter were so audacious, reckless and unconventional! He actually presented people in attitudes and costumes that were never seen in serious, costly portraits before, and the painting was done in an irreverently rapid, off-hand, dashing manner of clever brush-work. Boston believes that there must be more dignity in dress and pose of subject, more painstaking and consecration in the painter and in his work. One real deficiency, it must be admitted, does exist in most of these pictures—a lack of deep, sweet, harmonious tone. Harsh, almost chalky, some of the very cleverest of them looked by

daylight. A little of the able labor and "vital piety" of the old masters of Italy would not hurt these Parisian young masters. But we know we can't have everything, and let us be thankful for art that gives us even a shock, if that shock rouses the public from apathy and administers a fillip to our mediocrity, toiling along in its deepening ruts. Nobody can look at "El Jaleo," Sargent's Spanish dancing-hall scene, without a quickening of the pulse, and, if one have a spark of art-faculty, without a stirring of the impulse to go and do something. Then, that other Salon triumph, the large family portrait, taken in a hallway decorated with huge vases, of four girls in pinafores, only one of whom is not bashfully half hiding from their painter in girlish, unconstrained attitudes, and this attentive and obedient one so consciously resolved to stand just as she was told in a dancing-class "position"—who would dare deny to that picture high qualities of truest art? But it was the portraits of local leaders of society that caused the hubbub. One must admit that the young portraitist took some liberties! A sweet and unpretentious lady appeared as a tall, imperious personage quite different

fluence of Sargent's portraits quickly appears in the smartest piece of work here, the portrait of a young lady by Mr. Tarbell, who made a similar success a year or two ago by imitating (with a clever difference) the pose of the Sargent portrait of that date, that of a young lady holding out a rose in one hand. This time he has caught a characteristic upward turn of the lip of his subject in a way that is decidedly Sargentish, and the drapery is brushed in with just the same sweeping and affectedly careless style and tumbled effects that appear in the gowns of the Sargent portraits. Mr. Grundmann, of the Art Museum school, presents a masterly portrait of a black-and-tan collie. Mr. Clements, the Southern painter, heretofore only seen in water-colors, appears with a brilliant and forceful oil painting, a Louisiana landscape, full of the splendid light and sumptuous verdure of the South. Boit, the water-colorist, has also taken to oil, without departing from his water-color landscape style of quick impressionistic lines and dabs, the values of which, however, prove so true that they fuse into solid reality at the right distance. Enneking and Elwell are well represented by able and

characteristic transcripts of nature's poetic aspects and moods. Walter Dean has some tender and true effects of light upon glassy water in smooth harbors, as well as a breezy and brilliant scene off the Dutch coast, with the Dutch craft so dear to painters. F. H. Tompkins exhibits an English churchyard group, quite in the sweet English vein of simple and genuine sentiment, besides a rather grim and dry portrait. Grim and solid also are the portraits by Mr. Stone, while the veteran portrait-painter, Harvey Young, shows a tender, broad and effective head of a brother-artist. The younger artists, Don and Flagg, present landscapes that indicate the best faculty for seeing



"MAN WITH A HOE." BY J. F. MILLET.

FACSIMILE OF THE ARTIST'S CHARCOAL SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING JUST BOUGHT BY HERR VAN DEN EYNDE FOR 84,000 FRANCS. (SEE PAGE 109.)

from the original, but twice as picturesque; another, in a high-colored polka-dotted gown, ensconced in a corner of a sofa, with her French boots showing, her lips wide apart in a gay laugh and a saucy aigrette nodding at the top of her coiffure; another, the most dashing of fashion's local cynosures, who can order the whole symphony orchestra to her house for a private musicale, was presented in a demure though décolleté black dress, with her head enclosed as by an aureole in the Oriental arabesque of a dado, against which she stands, as if in testimony of her devotion to the fashionable Hindoo cult. The mystic smile—if smile it be—upon the quivering lips of this portrait was the prime tour de force of the whole exhibition, and the discussion is still hot as to what that smile signified or what it concealed. As the picture is said to be destined for the Paris Salon, perhaps the clever Parisian critics may unriddle for Boston this Eastern mystery.

The Paint and Clay Club's exhibition has been the other event of the month. It is really a charming and cheering collection, drawing from more of the younger generation than the recent Art Club exhibition. The in-

ing and reproducing the spirit and mood as well as the facts of a landscape. Allen, Caliga, Coolidge, Graves, Halsell, Rogers, are also represented by most creditable and agreeable work; altogether the exhibition affords again the welcome proof that the rising generation will better the instructions of their elders.

The print department of the Art Museum has received from Mr. George W. Wales, the collector of ceramics, the full set of the publications of the Arundel Society of London. Over one hundred of the prints issued by the society during the past twenty years have been arranged in an exhibition by Mr. S. R. Koehler, the learned curator of the Museum prints, so as to permit an intelligent and methodical study of the early Italian schools. These chromo-lithograph reproductions certainly give a better idea of mediæval art than those without color. Similar exhibitions, exemplifying the old art of Germany and the Netherlands, are to follow in due order. The Museum has lately become a subscriber to the Arundel Society. These modest acquisitions will naturally raise a compassionate smile among New Yorkers, accustomed of late to gifts of paintings by the \$100,000 worth to the Metro-